

P S

3505

R5P6

1908



Poems

BY

WILLIAM J. CREQUE



Class PS 3505

Book R5P6

Copyright N^o 1908

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

POEMS

A Flash From Afar Ut Pignus Amicitiaë

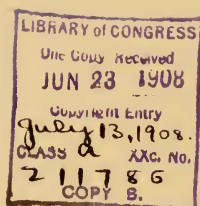
By

WILLIAM J. CREQUE

MERCED, CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO
1908

PS3505
.R5P6
1908



Copyright 1908
By William J. Creque

DEDICATED
TO THE FOUNTAIN CITY
BY THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS

Roseanna	9
Friendship's Gift	10
One Member	11
Pæan	12
Two Wee Lassies	15
A Friend	16
Brave Fireman	18
Fresno's Park	19
Dregs of Life	22
The False Letter	23
To Baby Benno	24
Lonely Life	25
My Island Home, Farewell	26
Memory's Own Bower	29
Evening in Beautiful Merced	33
A Look Within	34
To a Very Dear Friend	35
The Call—I Am Going	36
Christ, the Star of Hope	37
The Weather-Beaten Roe	38
Salutation	39
Dream of the Cross by Day and Night	40
The Going of William	42
The Lark as He Flies Away	45
A Visit by Three Boys	46
Evening	48
In Merced, California	49
Man's Dividing Power	50
Song of the Sea	52
A Beam of Light	54
June Wedding	55

Her Picture	57
Lady Clara	58
The Coming Storm	59
The Beautiful White Navy	60
Greeting from Yosemite	61
Bear Creek	62
Christmas	63
In Beautiful Merced	64
Higgins of Lemoore	65
First Letter to My Little Girl	68
An Exquisite Blossom of San Joaquin	69
Madrienne of San Joaquin	70
In Memoriam	72
Under the Oleander Tree	77
Thankfulness	78

Poems

ROSEANNA

Deck her brow with roses, sweet
Cali. beauties—such a treat—
Bank them deep in her home
And lay you down the gauntlet there.
When setting sun with azure bright
Beaming there for one last sight,
So bright and sweet the last good night,
Roseanna is the crown of light.

The lilies hear her walking by, and
Say, "Come, come, come, exquisite Roseanna,
Give us light, far in the night;
Our beauty hide." Before your sight
The forget-me-not, its blue-tinged blossom,
Hides around the showery fountain.
I come, I come not from the mountain,
But from the valley with sweet perfume.

Roseanna's arm is filled with blossoms;
Drop them, dear, one by one;
Let them fall with might and manner,
Sweet brown eyes, divine Roseanna,
Roseanna with her curly hair,
Each one sighs to see her stare.
Roseanna's eyes, like a fawn's of the mountains,
Flashing light to the valley below!
Each flash a cupid dart so sweet.
Lay you down, close by her feet.
Bewitching Roseanna, stylish Roseanna,—
Roseanna with the sweet, curved mouth,
Lend thy charm to the mirror of morning
And flash thy beauty far out to sea.

FRIENDSHIP'S GIFT

Who hear the roll of friendship's call
Gather around the fire;
Glittering sparks fall from the mind,
Onward speed thro' cultivated brain.
Hear the echo as it returns
Please the mind and soul of man.
Friendship, the kind
That spreads like the ocean,
Carry the current to other shores;
Beat on the cliff with mighty roaring;
Tell them come under its benign power—
Long in life its onward march
Carrying its banner above the storm.

Long may it live in such grand form,
Spreading from the rising tide
To the going down of the sun.
Ever meet and never deplete,
So shall ages record our feat;
Bitterness cease, here is peace
Round the glowing log crackling
Sparks flying to other clime,
Minds uniting, love trying
To forge friendship's ties.

ONE MEMBER

O mischievous member, wanton member,
One that rolls around like thunder,
Though your voice is not as loud,
Still it tears asunder,
Around ; around ; like robin's blunder,
Ready to accuse the world of plunder—
In the valley, on the hill it wanders.
Glorious you spread the scorching flame—
It burns ! It burns !
Deep where it burns,
Though in his hand he held an urn,
You gather all the long, long day
That which is good.

You stow away
And keep it—oh, long, long delay—
But that which savors more like spice
Is flung to the breeze, no matter the price.
The dewdrops seem to hide from it,
The budded rose rejects it,
The lily will not rest with it ;
Its fungus still is spreading.
Deliverance from thee—
When, oh, when ? Not
Until the clay redeems its own.

PÆAN

High up in Cornell hay barn
Cas-Corenzie Company Show
Gave a treat to their friends
A very select few.

The program seems to procrastinate,
The audience clap their hands with grace,
Suddenly Mackenzie shows his face
In acrobatic stunt.

He bowed with such delightful ease,
The audience knew he was trying to please.
He'd catch the rope and swing and swing
As if the world depended upon him.

Surely he played before two queens
So rare the world had never seen,
Genevieve Castle, Mercedes Castle,
Both with castles on the hill.

With yonder valley glowing,
With precious fountain flowing,
Blossoms gently throwing,
To Mercedes the queen.

Wilmer and Chandos's Orchestra,
Notes were flying like fiery chords.
Every time the baton fell
Brutus howled with exquisite joy.

Along the banks of Karmelon,
A stray heart passing by,
Stuck through and through
With cupid darts,
And yet it went on by.

Hall Mackenzie, clown renown,
Is hardly up before he is down,
And makes he such a tremendous sound
On loose carpet and hay around.

Martin Kidd, the great Hawkshaw,
Had just rounded up the bank robber,
Shot two down. Bang! Bang!
What shall we do with these dead men?
There is no life in either of them.
Go and call the hypnotic.
(Enter Lucius Cornell.)

Consultation running high, let them lie,
Lucius' hand was raised on high,
Magic pass before the eye,
They wake up, who knows why,
Life was still within the eye.

Not since the Arabian Nights were boys
Was there such display of real joy,
Each little eye was twinkling bright,
Just like a star in the darkest night.

TWO WEE LASSIES

Two pretty peas in one little pod,
Neatest, sweetest, on the sod—
Highland produce.
Nothing can come up to
Two pretty peas in one little pod.

As blossoms they are rare,
Flourishing in perfumed air,
Brightness generated from the pair.
'Neath rays of love so dear
Heaven longs for such as they
While in youth's divining day.

Let your aim from year to year
Be just like pretty robin.
Hear, hear, he sings so sweetly,
He calls, he calls me with his note,
So sweetly it rolls from his throat.
On the bough he sings and swings
Beautiful notes so bright and clear.

The breeze it sways the pretty bird,
Its breast heaves with joyful tale
Tells its mate o'er Joaquin dale.
With dearing grace the news is told,
Little hearts fluttering bold,
Away they fly, joy, sweet joy,
They have that which love employs
To guide them on their way—
Love was found this day.

A FRIEND

Where is Madeline?
Madeline! Madeline!
Madeline is here, here, here,
So sing the birds at twilight
Madeline is gone.
Idle tears—tears since Madeline is gone
Oh, sweet honeysuckle
That twines around the heart
With fragrance so sweet
Clean, deep, and strong,
Where it beats strong and faster.

Heart, O heart, where is thy wonder?
Gone to her loved one far, far away
Sing, birdie, sing; twitter, twitter, twitter,
It's her song all day long.
Glance at the roses
And hear what they are saying:
Bright, bright, bright.
Read deep in their bower
And note what they're saying.

Madeline is sad, oh, so sad,
Carry the news on the hilltop
Where the fawn and the lambs are playing;
Tell them of love,
They know of its grandeur
Deep down in the rusty mountains
Where the eagle hides its prey
The voice of Madeline is singing, singing of thee.
Madeline, so stately and grand,
Her eyes so blue with liquid dew
Her mouth the curve of love.

Fresno, May 11, 1905.

BRAVE FIREMAN

Fire in the night
So dismal and bright
Seems we will have a very hard fight.
Ladder, hose and nozzle have we ;

On to the blaze ! We will battle away !
High up in the third story
A life to be saved.
Fire is breaking through window and gable.

Up with the ladder, boys !
Up with the ladder !
Scamper up, fireman ! Long is the ladder.
Fire ahead, and smoke all around—

Dashes into the window the brave fireman,
Huddles together, mother and babe ;
Fire crackling and walls tumbling down.
Into his strong arms he took mother and babe,

Back to the window the brave fireman ;
Down the ladder with his precious burden.
Long may they live in their good old age,
For they shall be saved by the brave fireman.

FRESNO'S PARK

There is a spot in Fresno town
That nature deems it all renown,
A place where all can go and lounge
Together on the mound.

Where the courthouse band abound.
The courthouse we are justly proud,
For in its halls justice is loud
Proclaiming peace to all the crowds.

Round and round the park is green,
Round and round the hemlock is seen.
Let us watch the passing team,
Every one is on the green.

Spacious park! Wondrously grand!
Is there a lake close at hand?
So we can watch from the band-stand
The gambol in this fairyland.

Spreading palms and magnolia tree,
Under these we wait for thee—
So beautiful and yet not complete,
Like a galleon at its master's feet.

The gambols of the frolicksome youth
Rolling on the grass,
It makes an old man think,
What is coming to pass.

Why not make it still more grand?
So it will be the best in the land,
For we have the grandest stand
In the San Joaquin.

Nature gives us all the wealth
Here we have the grandest health
Why not capture nature's wealth
That abounds the courthouse round.

Children's playground, oh, so grand,
Can you not see them all over the land?
Make them so that they will stand,
For you have the grandest band

In the San Joaquin.
Discourse music, oh, so sweet,
Make us old ones pat our feet;
Come in the park, it's such a treat,

Lovely walks and flowers so sweet;
Still more grand the ladies you meet,
They enjoy the work so neat,
In the courthouse park.

DREGS OF LIFE

Life so dear, and yet despair,
Though wandering all the year
To find a place to suit your taste
Amongst the woodland brier.
O land of thought, from you I bought
Wisdom all the year.
Have shown to me the wisdom
Of not waiting all the year.

Stretch out upon the moorland
And watch the fleeting time
And see if they will wait until you get in line.
Methinks I hear the clashing
Of all the army's marching
To peace or to glory,
No matter what's the story.
Oh, bitter life, why so much strife!

Have years not taught thee aught?
Go gather posies and roses,
And little buttercups;
Even honeysuckle will help you
In your ill make-up.

THE FALSE LETTER

How lonesome by my fireside
Since Joe has gone away,
The glow is not so bright
As when my boy was here.

Oh, the sound I hear, 'tis his name,
Joe, Joe, the wind is mocking.
My very heart beats fast, fast—
Strange I hear his voice so sweet

Upon the gentle breeze of morn
The roses nod with their sweet perfume
While blossoms tell of tenderness—
Break, heart, break out of my side

And let the ache go by.
My heart is like a millstone—
Keeps grinding, grinding away.
Free thyself from entanglement
And leave this frame a wreck, a wreck.

TO BABY BENNO

Buds and blossoms so very rare,
Just like Benno, oh, so fair,
As the dewdrops in the air.
Come and deck our roses, dear,
Little sweetheart of the year;
Have you seen other states so fair?

Welcome, thrice welcome, to Pacific sphere,
All the way from St. Paul,
This little Miss, the beauty of all,
Came to see us; though not very tall,
She has captured us all,
The sweet little doll.

Weave the roses around her brow,
May her path be decked with love.
Loved one thou hast found a place,
Deep down in our heart, no matter what race,
Weave the honeysuckle around our heart,
So the fragrance will never part.

Benno, you are our little sweetheart,
Come to us just as thou art,
Baby-like in the dead of night,
Knowing there was one bright light,
Mother welcoming thee
In Fresno's sight.

August, 1905.

LONELY LIFE

Lonely life—'tis good sometimes
That we may know ourselves ;
There is much within that will come out
If we but know ourselves.

Ask yourself why you are here, and
Whither must you go,
And if your errand here is complete
In this grand world of light.

Let not your mind go back
To the flowers and the field,
For then 'twas youth who guided thee
In a realm of his own.

But now the sturdy old wanderer
Is still climbing the hill,
And from the top he looks afar—
There is more yet to climb,
And beyond that a valley
Filled with dead and dying.

His strength is feeble, but he knows
To that great valley he must go ;
Yet he clings to earthly things.
The seed was planted years ago,
The fruit is now just ripe ;
His anchor holds in sandy ground
Until the storm appears.

December 6, 1900.

MY ISLAND HOME, FAREWELL!

Farewell, Anegada, farewell!
Coming back? I cannot tell;
But the pretty young girls that I leave
May bring me back again.

One night as the moon shone bright
From under a dark, wild cloud
To me it was like a night on shore
When I gazed on the water below—

Transfixed I gazed on the rising sea,
My native land so far from me.
Isle of my youth, I cannot dispute
Thy charms are still in my sight;

I wander o'er hilly land and sea
But still I'll come back to thee.
Gorgeous bowers with many wild flowers,
Milky bush tree with its snow-white flowers,

The lingeloram tree with many a tower
Calling to heaven for its generous shower.
Down came the rain in its glorious power
Giving to the lover a matchless hour,

Cooing and wooing like the sweet turtle-dove
Under the shadow of the old elm bough.
Love is like a spring with a cool, fresh draught
Gallop[ing] over with new-made thought,

Wondering if it ever was bought
From the mind or of the heart.
Oh, dear isles of yonder sea,
He shall soon come back to thee;

Isles of my heart, so starry and bright,
Sowing the seed of love's delight.
Calm on the surface, the wondrous sea
Girdled the island so amorously;

Valleys of grandeur, the beauteous fields;
Streams that are galloping so merrily by;
Methought it was the humming
Of voices ever coming,

In yonder valley gathering
Those flowers that are withering.
It makes the heart so sad
In all the years of offering;

The time is drawing near
When we alone must stand
And pay tribute to the mind
That leads us to the land.

MEMORY'S OWN BOWER

Light, light, light, ere the darkness overshadows us!
He places his hand upon the wheel
To steady the bark, ere the breakers engulf us—
His mind is far to seaward, his heart is on the land,
Land of the Indies, sunshine and flowers.
Give back the one that strayed years, years ago;
Is he on that bark whose pounding and grinding I hear?
The sails all in tatters and bulwarks all gone,
Land of the Indies, he is still at the helm,
Mighty as the billows that land on his bark.

Heart on land, what hast thou found there to stay
Away from the warmth of your keeping?
I have found love in a bower of roses,
Her song so sweet it thrills the heart of the poet
Who sings of the raging waters of the Caribbean sea.
Down amongst the coral in the pearly ground
Of the ocean, there I met my mermaid,
Lovely as the dream of Niema standing guard at
The gate of the pearly deep.

He that enters the gate of pearl
Must be love's own choice,
The darling of the gods,
Whose peace of mind has not been disturbed
In wandering up hill and over dale,
Where Love is found in her gorgeous hiding place
Mid vines and flowers,
Where bees sip the nectar from the overflowing cup.

Ah, Love divine, thou charmest the heart
Mid flowers and bloom;
Stretch out thy hand, help breach over the chasm
Where Love mighty stands and be engulfed by the breakers.
Breakers ahead! Love's hand overtake thee and
Guide thee in a peaceful haven.
Come and see him stand before the bar of Love's
Court, a victim condemned, whose councilors'
Endeavors are of no avail,
Save Love's own pleading.

Love divine, whose image stands out
Like morning dressed in her gorgeous best,
Linger ere thou kiss the dew from his brow
Where matchless streams abound
With rippling and splashing waters,
Going on, on, as if to catch a glimpse
Of her whose greatness, glory and beauty
Thrill the heart with love and madness.

On, on, race ye lovers, and battle
With storm and tide
For the heart of her, like Niema's dream,
Chasing the light as of a black and stormy night
I hear the raging of the wind
With its mournful tone telling of a heart
That is shipwrecked far out at sea.
No beacon-light to cheer,
But roaring storm within and without,
The surging waters lashing and splashing,
No quarters given but the boundless deep,
Whose victim stands as a barrier against
The boundless ocean.

Never again will I wander from Love's threshold,
Where fondness greets me at my coming,
Lavishing kisses like the bee from flower to flower,
Drawing out the honey from flowers and blossoms.
Guided by the sweet perfumes of loveliness
I enter the abode of my own Marie—
Marie, whose charms are like morning dew
Upon the flowers of May and June.
I sing thy praise from hill and dale ;
No more I roam the raging main,
For thou hast found me just the same
In the realm of thy undying bliss.
A lover beguiled only by thy charm
I stand and watch thy rounding form—
Such grace no other has yet been found
To match thy loveliness.

EVENING IN BEAUTIFUL MERCED

As I was passing Cumberland Church
On Canal Street one evening early in April,
When blossoms held full sway
In the fountain city of San Joaquin,
On the church lawn, out on the green
Were pastor and beautiful lambs to be seen—
Each with dish of toothsome sweet;
Oh, such smiles would pay for the treat.
He molds them deep; he molds them sweet—
Those trusting lambs around his feet.
As the breeze blows through spicy fields,
Love, as fragrance there to please,
Lasting will be that beautiful scene;
Lasting his memory will be green
Among that band of sweet little peas.

A LOOK WITHIN

Oh, wonderful name that charms our hearts
And bids us keep His word,
'Tis music to our broken hearts
The name of Christ, the Lord,

The Saviour gracious. We know
He sanctified our hearts
In prayer ; we all know His precious face
And gladly lay this world aside.

Companion of our lonely soul
Is Christ, the Lord ;
He makes our heavy hearts aright
In sending light and comfort within ;

He bids us watch for His word
That comes from His throne.
O God, Thy name is more than light
To the thirsty souls here below ;

It brings rejoicing to the heart forevermore.
Blessed be our trying faith in Thy holy name,
Redeem the falling by the wayside
And let a spark lead us to Thee.

Merced, November 25, 1906.

TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND

Late and early as the seasons roll
My dear friend the Colonel bold,
Just as bright as the merry gold—
Beautiful plant not brighter than he
Though you shine with the sparkling dew.
His heart 'tis like the roaring torrent,
Knows no turning aside from you ;
It aspires high where all is gracious.
That dewdrop friend,
The morning splendor,
Down in the valley or up on the hill,
Rushing of waters no matter what ill,
Gladly he steps on the brink of the hill
And stretches out his hand,
So sweet his good will.

April 17, 1906.

THE CALL—I AM GOING

Life and its fullness I have seen
In the morning of light ;
My life is now like the troubled sea,
Waiting the ebb-tide.
Gradually it steals upon this mortal frame
And liberates what is within.
Say not farewell with pain of parting,
For on this road joy is untold
For they that tread this path of glory
Are joyful till the end.

April 16, 1906.

CHRIST THE STAR OF HOPE

Merciful God,
The joy of my salvation
He that sits upon His throne
Deliverer of my soul—
To Thee I look for help in crossing over
The troubled streams.

Guide me, O Savior, Thy servant crossing o'er,
When life is over ;
My bark be moored in the celestial shore
Where reigns the King of Kings
And Lord of Lords.

Almighty God, Thou hast guided me
Through seas, the breakers were dashing high,
The angry waves ready to dash me
In the foaming sea.
I called to my Redeemer ;
Though my body went with the streams
My soul was taken up to Thee.

Sing to the Lord—
His mercies endureth forever—
Joyful tidings, rejoice, rejoice,
All ye heavens ;
For a soul is saved.
Let the earth be rent asunder,
But those that have the mark of Christ
Will rejoice on that day when He comes.

THE WEATHER-BEATEN ROE

I'm stalled in the craggy mountain path;
The barking of the dogs I hear,
The swishing of the branches—I know my end is near
She came and thrust with sparkling blade
The vital spot within the roe,
And yielded him up as sport.
Before the morn was over,
He lay upon the hard, hard rock
That abounds the mountain-side.
Each drop the life was ebbing—
Not dead, but living,
With sparkling blade thrust through the heart.

San Francisco, March 24, 1906.

SALUTATION

She waved her hand so light and fairy,
The two-year-old, with grace so deary,
In Union Square, where all seemed weary,
This little sun-god, the sweetest baby.
To me the salutation was so grand;
It seemed 'twas flashed from a distant land.
Pierce this heart of many stormy seasons
And lend me a sunbeam that will waken my reason,
Sitting around the monument so grand
That was erected out of the best in the land
For the Admiral and his gallant band.
High up the shaft,
Pointing toward the clouds,
None were laid under sail below
For they were more than a match for the foe.
Gallant sons of the stars and stripes
Running the gauntlet by fort at night,
And when they opened the merry ball
Every shell made destruction fall.
When the smoke was cleared away
The foe was sunk all around Manila bay.

April 2, 1900.

DREAM OF THE CROSS BY DAY AND NIGHT

One night I lay upon my bed—
Showers of thoughts came through my head
Like showers from the mountain top
Rolling down in rivulets below.
Gauge not the thoughts as they ran
Down on my murmuring heart. Depend
A place where I alone can spend,
Make there my own amend.
I saw upon a mountain high
A place where I could do and die—
Not like the knights of old seeking gold,
But I the cross upheld.

Borne on upon the craggy hill,
The path was precipitous and yet at will
I gathered strength to march on still.
A great big tree was in my path;
So majestically it stood
Blocking my way I could not pass.
Darkness gathered on all hand—
So dense the darkness, O my soul!

For yonder hill there is my goal.
At last in darkness there appeared
A cross so bright, so bright, so bright,
Needless to say my heart was light ;
For in that day I followed my sight.
The wind came blowing like a stormy night,
Each branch it snatched down with its might
And each disappeared from my sight.

All left was the staunch big trunk
And that, too, disappeared from view ;
The path was clear, the darkness over,
And light shone over all.
Within the temple, oh, so great,
No signs of any mortal hate ;
For there they all must state
Their grievance to the cross.
O cross of all the multitude,
Guide us all in our happy mood,
For there we'll find solicitude
In realms of the cross.

THE GOING OF WILLIAM

William not quite fourteen, portly as a man,
Started out upon the ocean to visit distant lands,
As happy as a lamb that frolicked on the green,
Where its mother stood and watched him down by the stream.
Yet William knew not trouble,
For that was not his lot
Until the ship's prow turned seaward
And land lay far athwart.

He saw the outlines of his home
Disappearing far behind,
The sea-gull crying the last farewell;
Then William's mind was turned
To home and mother,
Where dim eyes carry the news,
William is gone, William is gone.

They knew him by sight,
For years of play had he
Amongst ferns and love vines,
Chasing the butterfly,
The bob-o-link with his throbbing song,
Calling his mate ere light began,
Will, Will, William.

It was he upon the deck
When all the sails were set ;
The ship was rolling lee rail in
And, on his mettle, he was bent to be a sailor boy.
He saw the flying fish dart out from ocean in the air—
Their wings so bright,
They dazzled the sight.

To windward they did go
Until, alas, their strength was spent
And splash, splash they went.
The dolphin swiftly passed the lee,
Reaching for his prey,

Like streaks of gold in his wake,
Running the gauntlet
Until he met the squirming mess
Flying here and there,
But in the monster jaw—

The great big monsters of the deep
Had been awakened from their sleep,
Spouting water high in the air.
Making for the rear
The swordfish on his great attack
Upon the whale was bent,
Making the sea a seething foam
Of lovely and sparkling waters.
The whale would spout like a geyser,
High in the air as a challenge
To any who dared attack his whaleship on the sea.
The battle was fought; the battle was hot;
The battle was raging still
Along the great Atlantic,
Where the waters lashed at will.

THE LARK AS HE FLIES AWAY

How beautiful the lark—
His homeward flight!
Merrily glides the sweet song bird;
Whence came you, sweetheart? the feathered bride
From fields of blossoms by early tide,
Gathering sweets from the lowland's love
For the birdies high in the bough.

Warble, sweetheart, the song of love,
Warble on the tune so dear;
Warble thy song the whole year through,
Warble on to your heart's delight:
Bright summer sun, how sparkling!
Dear Nature is loving us over a year;
Thy song is more charming each note I hear—
Warble still, darling, thy notes in my ear.

The turning of the tide
Is for man and his bride,
Not for us birdies high in the tree.
We wander at will through flowers and rill—
Nature is ours over valley and hill—
Sing birdie, each note reaches the heart.
In boundless harmony our voices raise
With sweet acclaim to the Giver's name;
Our bountiful harvest so abundantly given,
Let us praise Nature, the god of the living.

A VISIT BY THREE BOYS

Within my bungalow I sat
One evening in November,
No thought of any one coming
From near or far away.
I wandered deep in thought and song
To Him, my only friend ;
I looked back on the world I knew—
Nothing there to tempt my heart
That I would turn again ;
No warmth there for my heart
In high or low estate.

I wandered close to my garden gate
Where peace and quietness dwelt,
My soul was deep, quite covered over,
Deep down my spirit dwelt ;
The world seemed dark with thunderbolts,
Every look disappeared I saw,
Until those three boys came within—

Such innocence, O Lord,
Thou dost lend to the youth.
For when they grow to riper age
No not one spark is found ;
It seems to change everything around
And leave that precious part a blank.

Oh, childhood, childhood,
Why stay ye not longer
And let me romp and play?
For wherever I go 'tis May.
The path is flowers all the way
As far as the eye can see—
Nothing to mar my sweet career
Until the fatal day when I was twenty-one.
Where brightness was, a cloud appeared
And it got blacker every year ;
Where sympathy was, coldness has grown,
My sense seems dull of sweet and kind things.
No more I bubble o'er with laughter
And tinge the air with joy,
For that I know is lost since I am twenty-one.

EVENING

The gloam of evening is approaching—
See the twilight glimmer by;
The heart of yesterday ceased beating—
Love is in the air.
We receive the love of Nature—
So gloriously greater,
For all mankind is waving
Evening a last adieu.
Farewell Evening for summer sun has waned;
Evening splendors gather
With bright clouds of light;
The twilight breezes are blowing
So soft with sweet perfume;
Evening clouds are fleeting swiftly to the west;
The blaze and glory of sunset marks the end of day—
Life is still endearing
And lives to another day.

IN MERCED, CALIFORNIA

Easter eve as I passed the Episcopal Church
In nineteen hundred and seven,
Two sweet little maids
Were emerging from its blossom-bedecked bower ;
Each little arm was filled with blossoms snowy white
As if there were no more space to place them aright.
Beautiful blossoms as beautiful hearts
Each play their beautiful parts.
These two hearts I know were pure,
For within them both the soul was there.
Blossoms, symbols of purity,
You deck your church for Him that was
The glory of the Son that rose.

MAN'S DIVIDING POWER

Launch out upon the mountainside
And see what is there today—
Is man still building castles
And howling for his pay?
Why compromise it now?
Is there not some other way?
Gather all your might and strength
And march the other way.

He thinks he sees it clearer now,—
Do you think he is right
In gathering on the byways
And showing so much fight?
The other faction wonders why
He is blowing hard at night;
His right none can dispute
In giving out the truth,
But leave us what we learn in youth
Till age and till age.

Why teach there is no Creator,
For time has taught us better ;
We find in ourselves the master
To make us understand.
Teachers try to be faithful
In scattering seeds of thought—
Some will take root and grow
While others will fall by the way.
In summing up all our trouble
And waking up before it is day
Be careful and avoid all the roots
That spread out all over the way.

San Francisco, February 28, 1906.

SONG OF THE SEA

Blow ye the gale of eveningtide,
Everlasting billows roar ;
The sea raging as of old,
Its songs so sweet and bold
On all the land of old—
Where is thy goal?
Sing of the stormy weather
Where we all must land together,
Each heart so staunch and true,
Making a grand review
Upon the breakers' crest.
Many lost days of rest,
For many saw land abreast—
Blow ye the gale, eveningtide
When all the world is wide.

Standing at the helm, battling with the tide,
The soul of man must quiver
While slowly entering the river.
The tide so staunch and stiff
May dash us on the cliff—
Upon the goal our heart must hold.
The beacon light of truth
Will guide us in our time of youth
Till age and till age.

Blow ye the gale of eveningtide,
Everlasting billows roar;
The sea will give up all its dead,
Though long they lay upon its bed
Waiting the call of that great Voice,
Matchless in all its thunder,
Handing out deeds to May and December.
Give the Hand that rocks the world
A place in all our chapter,
For in His hand He holds the truth
• We gather years and years after.

A BEAM OF LIGHT

My soul is on the mountain-top ; all alone
I spied the wickedness of the world, all alone.
But there is One who knows it well
And turns His face away ;
Now darkness reigns where there was light
Since God has turned away.
My soul does thirst for the living stream
That flows from Christ, the Lord—
Forgive, O Lord, this wicked world
That trespasses against Thy holy name
And let us worship at Thy throne forevermore.
Repentance for the sinner, Lord,
Let all our hearts rejoice,
In boundless harmony let us praise God.
Our thirsty souls are well supplied ;
Christ will turn to us again—
Then we are blest.

JUNE WEDDING

Hear, hear, hear ringing of the bell,
"Sweetest peal," I heard them saying,
Ringing for the beautiful wedding
That will take place today.
Little birds high on the boughs
Let your songs be sweet today;
You will hear a peal of laughter
When the bride comes home to stay.

Blossoms and roses seem to fade
When in the presence of such fairy maids;
The breeze would whisper kindly,
So sweet-sounding o'er azure sky—
The moon with listless beauty
Rolling through the blue—
While myriads of stars came peeping
From a cloudless sky.

Beauty in her marriage gown
So majestically renowned—
It should be a paradise
Where they are found.
Not even with a golden crown
Could make it more enchanting,
For love was there, deep-seated love,
That runs on like a river;
Its bank is swept with odor of sweetness
And empties itself in the home of love.

HER PICTURE

It stays there, mute as mute can be
Upon that mantelpiece ;
No sound it utters, truly no,
But still it speaks out all the more.
The pose—it seems to be for all
Who would its lines draw out—
The sweetest curve of nymph-like form
Would grace any royal crown.
It was placed there by gentle hands
That drop little things around, the more to magnify.
She plays with blossoms in her hand,
The most rare in the land,
Until the artist throws the image on a sensitized plate.
Her charms were transplated on the spot,
Her eyes cast down, but there was no frown.
A crown of glowing smiles—
It bade you stare, for all was there,
The willowy youth so fair.

LADY CLARA

Away in a mountainous country
Where no other dares to creep
Above the floor of the valley,
Where no one dares to peep,
A little flower was growing
In its sweet retreat.
What name hast thou, little flower?
For God sent you the April shower
That you might grow and grow
And make your home a bower.
No answer, yet you seem so bright;
God hath given you beautiful light
And set you above mortal height
Close to his tower.
Then came little birds flying—
'Twas paradise they were singing,
Clar, Clar, Clar, Clara.

THE COMING STORM

The rainbow with its brightest hue
Stands out upon the sky,
The storm is breaking, breaking,
No mortal man can see.
The thunder is rolling, rolling;
It shakes the hills afar,
For God is just, no matter who we are.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE NAVY

When the mighty American navy
Enters the great Pacific
It will roll, roll, Pacific roll,
And dash against the gate of gold.

GREETING FROM YOSEMITE

Oh, sanctum sanctorum,
For ages holy of holies ;
Only the red men dance to its wondrous glories.
Exquisite is thy beauty, magnificent thy charm—
Let the world pay homage to thy beautiful crown.
Canopied with beauty, the giant-like mountains
Stand sentinel o'er valley below.
Who placed such enchantments
For souls that are crying more, more, more?
And yet we are dying in this deep abyss.
With fathomless minds try, and you will find
The key everlasting will be thine.

BEAR CREEK

Peacefully, as if asleep,
It runs by Merced town,
Winding around the willowy bend,
Shadows cast upon its face
Like mirrors in the morning glare;
No thundering, splashing and mighty roaring
In bright and peaceful November—
The leaves they drop one by one
Upon its shining face.
Slowly they move along
Like flakes of shining gold—
Who cares to watch sweet nature
When he is not in trouble.
Go out upon the bank and lounge,
Then listen, 'tis sweet to hear
That which you hear,
The murmur of the falling leaves;
For long it dwelt when it was well
With swaying of the breeze;
It nods here and nods there,
A welcome to its shady bough.

CHRISTMAS

At Christmas-tide great joy springs up,
To every heart the chorus goes ;
It penetrates far in the north
Where ice and snow abound.
Why comes such joy to man
Close on Christmas day ?
Is the spirit working still with us
As it did in Bethlehem ?
The wise men found that which they sought
Not in palace grand with center all around,
But in a manger the sweet babe was found.

IN BEAUTIFUL MERCED

The South Methodists gave a social
In March, nineteen hundred and seven,
In the Castle of Pythian—
Credit to those that's due.
The decoration was true,
More than pleasing to the eye
That saw the beautiful view.
Tables were set in grand array,
Dainties were in great display,
For all who came that way.
The first that came was very tall—
He was picturesque, that was all—
As if he was of some ancient hall
Waiting the bugle call.
Beauty did the cooking,
Beauty did the dishing up,
Beauty did the waiting,
While beauty did the eating
In beautiful Merced.

HIGGINS OF LEMOORE

I know a lad in Dublin town
His name was known from moor to down ;
He wandered over the hills around
And settled down in Lemoore town.
From Queenstown to the open sea
Land's-end was looming on the lee ;
The ship was churning the ocean wild
Making for the American soil.

O sea that washes on the grand green isles,
My heart is on the loftiest spires ;
Leaving all my dear desires
On the green sod around the fires.
Ancient castles of Norman build,
Classify us, if thou wilt ;
Tell us of those mighty wars
Thou hast waged on land and sea ;

Knights have battled for the power
Lost, and wandered back over the sea.
Crumble down, thou flat-shaped castle!
Dust to dust thou wilt be in time;
Legions once in thy ramparts gathered,
Battling hard for king and power.
Higgins saw the crumbling tower
And wandered off to another clime.

The great majestic steamboat power
Cutting through raging sea and shower,
Washing over deck and lower,
Make them heave with all their power
What they had not in their mind.
At last the headland rises before us—
Ship is plowing all the more.
Land, oh, far to windward of us,

Ships to leeward sailing by
Enter harbor, old Majestic,
Scarred from battling with the brine;
Spacious harbor, wondrously grand!
See, see where liberty's statue stands
Blinking, blinking our welcome to land.

FIRST LETTER TO MY LITTLE GIRL

My first letter to my little girl
Away in San Leandro,
In St. Francis Girls' Directory
Where sisters hold full sway—
Such gracious sisters they must be,
Gentle and kind to these precious charges
All the year around.
Surely they are guardian angels on the mound
Where Christ alone was found,
To administer justice to mankind
All the season round.
My daughter Ella, what a treat
To humble exquisite at your feet,
As these few lines will convey to you
My sweetest greet.
Oh, bleak the stormy winds
That gush on the shorn lamb—
It still finds friends in this beautiful land.

June 2, 1907.

AN EXQUISITE BLOSSOM OF SAN JOAQUIN

He came from a city of beautiful mentha,
He of grandeur, mein and manner—
Like a sunbeam bright and cheery
All around him must be merry.
Ah, bright one, like one you have done it;
The nest is high in the tree,
Blossoms cluster around it,
As it did in San Joaquin.

MADRIENNE OF SAN JOAQUIN

Madrienne! Madrienne!
The call was sweet, the sun was high,
The morning meal was served.
In clustering coverlets
She sleeps in her bed,
One of the prettiest pearls of Merced.
Oh, pearl of glaring brightness
Which marks thy love and whiteness,
The Mediterranean envies thee
Of that which is in thy likeness.

True blue is in the azure sky;
It calls thee ere the morning fly;
It waits thee for the glowing light
That sparkles o'er the morning dew.
In the valley of San Joaquin
Such beauty there to be seen—
Fields of ripening grain
Swaying with the breeze;
Orchard and vineyard so complete,
As if Eden were at your feet.

The linnet with its sweetest note,
Here, here, Madrienne, Madri, Madri;
Over San Joaquin vale he flies;
Above him blue sky,
Beneath fruit is ripening fast;
Strawberry, a vermillion bright,
Apricot like nugget of gold,
Peaches like her beautiful cheek
With color flash and rare.
And still they call Madrienne, Madrienne,
From boughs of lofty trees
Until they found the pearl
Of clear and rare whiteness
In Merced.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. R. P. Lathrop, of Hollister, Cal.

This is a token from William to Mr. Lathrop, written by his Father.

—WM. J. CREQUE.

Gone to join the host who
Is marching to the throne.
There is One above; she will surely enter in,
So gentle was her teaching upon mortal earth,
For love is only preaching of its own worth
Lessons for the souls who stand before the throne
To gather all our jewels
We plant in this world.
They will stand sponsor for us
No matter where we go.

The laws of nature tell us
Upon the dawn of morn
To gather sheaves of wheat
Before the sun goes down.
By day and by night
Flowers must be strewn
Until the portal gate her soul enters in.
Welcome thee to Paradise, the soul's own rest—
Mighty Harvester, Thou hast reaped the golden seed
Planted here amongst us, grown to a rose.

Oh, gracious good, what have I done to merit such a strain ;
The flowers that have grown up
Have weathered again,
And now thy soul hast flown
And whither shall I go?
I fix my gaze upon her shroud—
Immortal work of God.
Go strew the flowers
In the path where hearse passes over ;
Go bank the blossoms in her grave
That hides all so dear—
Matchless in her death, who shall appear?
No mortal man that comes shall go near.
Mine eyes behold the loyal band,
With wings and sword outstretched,
The fiery sword pointing the way
To truth and the gate.
No resistance there I meet,
But glide in on my wings.

My escort, they were mighty,
For long they stood the test,
Gathering those that are on the way
To reach the land of rest.
Farewell, O grave, the mortal doom,
For upon high I'll be soon
Gathering that I earned so well
In mortal land of strife.
The Master called her by her name,
And on the wing of Time she came
Flying through such a glorious heaven
Where all our loved ones are forgiven.
Glorious time for all in heaven—
Plenty of rest, for God has given
Peace to her soul.
In the realm of the other world,
Standing on the precipice of Time,
Viewing the glorious haven of rest,
Seeing with these eyes what no mortal man can see—
What a sight!

Glance down on the world below—
There he stands close by the door
Waiting the summons;
All the world is coming,
For the day is approaching—all must rest.
Back from my wandering,
I hardly think I am blundering,
The time will come when I will
See her face to face
Among the mighty spirits that give me the grace
To have the courage to meet her face to face.

What makes my troubled heart so sad?
Have I but lost the grip I had?
O stormy sea of tears and sorrow
Canst thou not wait until tomorrow?
I gained a day yesterday,
I must be on my loyal way
Sowing the seed that will pay,
Making for the glorious day when we all must pay.

O that the earth would take a flight
Through space with all its worth,
Not lowering man in his sphere,
Nor changing the fleeting time,
But bringing us nearer the goal of Love's abode,
There rest the pebble on the beach
The surf has rolled and tossed
Mighty seas have helped it on
At last it reached the shore.

UNDER THE OLEANDER TREE

Of days and years ago
Even the birds seem dull in their praise
Of the two that were there to embrace;
Their hearts are still warm though years have gone by,
With each thought that was dear to them.
Under this tree you plucked that rose—
Though it withered and faded away,
My heart is still fresh with the vows that I made
When the dewdrops fell on our heads.
List to the birds; their sweet note of praise!
They remember those words that were said.
Loving hearts shall not wonder
That dear thoughts grow fonder—
Oleander tree bloom again!

Reno, Nevada, 1885.

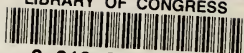
THANKFULNESS

O Father, the God of the world!
Who showers His blessings upon us
Regardless of those that are sinful,
We forget Thy tender mercies
And wander off from giving Thee glory.
O God, we have rebelled against Thy goodness
And left the rock of our salvation.
O that mine eyes might rest upon Thee,
The joy of my soul, the brightness of my path,
Though a mountain of darkness hast risen before me
Thou hast not left me alone—
A spark of thy light shines in my path,
I know my Redeemer is near.
When calamity was coming Thou came
In due time and strengthened
My soul with the spark of Thy light
That I could withstand the days
Of trials that came upon me.
O God, I ask Thee
Let my soul rejoice at Thy coming.

July 12, 1906.

JUN 23 1908

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 603 904 A